

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DIRECTORS:
C. R. MOORE, President.
M. B. MARLOW, J. F. MUIR, V. Pres.
J. L. BOOTH, B. BAER, Jr.
O. E. WARFIELD, Cashier. J. J. GREEN, Assistant Cashier.

Resources.

Loans and Investments	\$823,835.28
U. S. Bonds	152,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	3,000.00
Banking House & Real Estate	16,783.78
Cash	87,158.40
Due from Banks & Reserve Agts.	99,411.43
5 per cent. Redemption Fund	5,000.00
	\$1,187,188.89

Liabilities.

Capital	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Net Profits	178,813.01
Circulation	100,000.00
Deposits	752,919.46
U. S. Deposits	51,905.62
Other Liabilities	3,550.80
	\$1,187,188.89

A Cordial Invitation

Is extended to all who wish to open personal, professional, business, trustee or corporation accounts.

The same care is given to the smallest account as to the largest.
Drafts issued DIRECT on all parts of the world.
Investments and collections made.
An attractive rate of interest paid in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Alexandria National Bank,
CORNER OF KING AND ROYAL STREETS,
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

OYSTERS.

We have just received a boat load of OYSTERS and we can serve our patrons with OYSTERS in the shell. Special rates to Oyster Houses and Hotels.

POTOMAC FISH CO.

109 N. ROYAL STREET.

Legend of St. Winifred Well.

A romantic legend hangs around St. Winifred well. Cradled in the arms of a Holywell damsel and roused to anger by her coyness, struck off her head as she fled from his unwelcome attentions. The head, rolling down the hill, rested near the church, and from the spot the present copious spring gushed forth as the earth opened to swallow up the assassin. St. Beuno, who was passing, picked up the head and, with a skill which is now lost to the medical profession, restored the maiden, with only a slender white line on her neck as evidence of the miracle. But not only did the well spring from the spot where the head rested, but the moss on its brink was supposed to be possessed of a particularly fragrant smell, while the blood marks on the stones assumed many beautiful tints on June 22, the anniversary of the event. Today the well is contained in a rectangular building, and the water flows into a large basin in the shape of an eight pointed star.—London Chronicle.

Handling Live Wires.

Never handle an electric wire (lest it be "alive") with the naked hand, but use a nonconducting substance as a protector. Any good nonconducting substance will supply protection. Rubber—in form of gas stove tube or water hose, could be thrown over a wire to pull it from its connection with a live wire. Porcelain—in form of a bit of common crockery or a floor tile, hand plate for door, a stone ink bottle. Glass—A stout bottle, a glass rod or a pane of glass could be used to dislodge a wire from its connection with a trolley wire or other current feeder. Wool—A woolen scarf, stocking, coat or wrap. Cotton—Any piece of cotton garment or stout cotton twine. Silk—Scarves or other garment. Any of these materials in goodly thickness could be used to protect the hand in removing a live wire or even using an instrument to cut it through.

Spain's Canny Railroads.

In Spain the railroads do not lose a chance to make a little profit even in the case of the nontravelers. When you see somebody off in that country you must pay for the privilege. The railroads all sell billetes de ascenso, which are good for the platform only. These cost generally 5 centimos, equivalent to a cent in American money. Just why this is done it is hard to see, because persons entering a train cannot very well avoid the conductor, who is always making trips to inspect the carriages. If a person attempted to steal a ride in a carriage, he would have small chance of getting away with it. If caught, he would have to pay a penalty of just twice the fare between the point where he was discovered and the point where tickets just were inspected.—New York Sun.

He Had No Choice.

The wife of a dynamo tinker went to a haberdasher's to buy a necktie for her husband. She selected a brilliant red one, ready made, whereupon the young and inexperienced salesman, with compassion for the future owner, was moved to remark: "Excuse me, missus, is this tie for your husband?" "It is," replied the woman. "Don't you think he'd rather have some other color? I'm afraid he won't wear this red tie." "Oh, yes, he will," said the woman firmly. "He'll have to—he's dead."—London Answers.

The Irish Priest.

Stephen Gwynn has said somewhere, with excellent effect, that the Irish priest possesses the secret of Irish life. He does, and so entirely is the key to it in his possession that I doubt if any genius, however great, could give an adequate rendering of Irish life without introducing the priest.—Katherine Tynan in Fortnightly Review.

A Discourager.

Miss Kreech—Some authorities believe that the practice of slinging will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Hurt His Feelings.

She—I think Mr. Rymor, the minor poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night. He—What did I say? She—You said there was only one Shakespeare.—London Telegraph.

An English View of Robert E. Lee.

General Robert E. Lee was indeed fully Washington's equal as a hero and a gentleman and much his superior as a soldier. It is only in the larger political or cosmopolitan sphere that he stands lower and there perhaps only because his opportunities were so much smaller.—London Times Review of Trevelyan's History.

What Dropped.

"I heard you let something drop in the kitchen just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being served. "Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am," replied the girl innocently.—Charity.

Inquisitive.

Nell—I declare! That woman finds out everything. I never knew any one so inquisitive. Belle—That's right. I believe she would even pump an organ.—Philadelphia Record.

The Price of Peace.

The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Price 25 cents. For Sale by W. F. Creighton and Richard Gibson.

Alexandria Gazette.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 8, 1908.

Hunting the Maribou.

Hunting the maribou is attended with great difficulty, as the bird possesses wonderful cunning and often contrives to outwit the most skillful hunter. With laughable dignity it measures the ground between itself and its pursuer and takes very good care not to exhaust itself by too rapid flight. If the hunter moves slowly the bird at once adopts an equally easy pace, but if the hunter quickens his steps the bird is off like an arrow. It is very difficult to get within gun range of this calculating creature, but the natives adopt a novel means of capturing it, which the bird, with all its astuteness, is unable to comprehend and falls an easy victim. A tempting morsel of meat is tied to the end of a long stout cord, which the skillful hunter flings to a great distance, as he would a lasso, the bait falling as near the feeding bird as he can aim it. He then conceals himself hastily behind a bush or crouches low on the sand. The maribou, which always keeps its eye on the hunter, seeing him vanish, quietly stops and devours the bait, when it is easily secured by the hunter, who runs toward it, coiling the rope as he goes.

Carlyle's Recipe For Shirts.

Here is an extract from a letter of Thomas Carlyle, in which he asks his sister to make him some shirts and sends the measurements. How many women could make a shirt after them? "My Dear Jenny—* * * In the meanwhile I want you to make me some flannel things, too—three flannel shirts especially. You can get the flannel from Altek if he has any that he can well recommend. You can readily have them made before the other shirts go off. I have taken the measure today and now send you the dimensions, together with a measuring strap which I bought some weeks ago (at one penny) for the purpose! You are to be careful to secure the flannel first, after which process the dimensions are these: Width (when the shirt is laid on its back), 22½ inches; extent from wrist button to wrist button, 41 inches; length in the back, 35 inches; length in the front, 25½ inches. Do you understand all that? I dare say you will make it out, and this measuring band will enable you to be exact enough."

Began With "D" Anyday.

"An' when they gits to Italy," goes on Bill, growling quite enthusiastic, as you might say, over the idea, "he'll have 't'ime of his life rummaging 'em out them old palaces of the dogs." "Dogs?" I gasped. "Palaces of the dogs?" "Dogs, then, I s'pose you might call 'em," says he, "if you're so blamed pertinacious, though it ain't spelt that way. It's spelt dogs, only with the 'e'." "Bill Gladox," says I, "for an uneducated man you are 't' most ignorant I ever see. Do you mean to tell me you ain't never hear of 't' dodges of Venice that has been mayors of 't' town for 't' last hundred years or more?" "No, I ain't," says he, "an' no one else neither. Ther' ain't any such folks there. Dodge ain't an Eyettalian name now. It belongs in Connecticut. Not but what ther's a few mebbe in New York an' Rhode Island, but not in Italy, not by a darned sight."—American Magazine.

The Bullfight.

We went to a bullfight and wished we had stayed away. It is quite as unpleasant as people say, and the cruelty to the horses turns one sick. If it was merely an affair between the men, who are undoubtedly very skillful, and the bull, which is probably so mad with rage as to be past feeling much pain, one could shrug one's shoulders at the queer game and find some excuse, but for the torture of those poor old blindfolded screws there can be no shadow of palliation. After three bulls had been killed we had seen more than enough, especially as the horses in the third encounter had already been badly gored in the second, and the third bull was not killed neatly, but ran about bellowing for awhile with the espada's sword sticking out of his shoulders.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Forest of Natural Columns.

There is in Bulgaria a group of natural columns much like the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the edge of a plateau in the open country rises this forest of natural columns, which gives the impression of an antique ruin. The columns, which are about fifteen to twenty feet high, are absolutely cylindrical, and they are often as much as three feet thick. The stratification of the rock resembles joints and vertical erosion due to rain has formed Doric flutings.

De Witt's Little Blue Pills are sold by W. F. Creighton & Co.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

Call at Our Store

Are of many kinds. There are the electric calls, the curious calls and the calls for our services.

We are at your service in

Everything

ELECTRICAL

If you are curious call and see how wide a field we cover. How many things we can make electricity do for you. And how little such service costs.

Call away. Lookers today are buyers to-morrow.

Alexandria Electric Co.

1502 King st. Bell Phone 193.

FOR SALE.

Several small pieces of beautiful land for sale containing from

ONE TO SIX ACRES EACH.

Also lots 50x130 feet SINGLY OR IN GROUPS, convenient to railroads and about one mile from Alexandria and 500 ft. from Washington city. Terms to be made known.

FRESH GRAHAM FLOUR just received by

J. C. MURPHY.

Ask your dealer for a tonic and with

NICKLIN'S HAIR TONIC, Manufactured

by

115 South Royal street, Alexandria, Va.

How to Cure Chills.

"To enjoy freedom from chills," writes John Kemp, East Orange, Mo., "I apply

Buckley's Arnica Salve. Have also used it for salt rheum with excellent results."

Guaranteed for fever sores, indolent ulcers, piles, burns, wounds, frost bites and skin diseases. 25c at all drug stores.

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Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl five years old or so living in an inland town up on the state. Near her home there was no river nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort. "There's the beach," she said, "all smooth white sand. You stand on it and look out over the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then in an awed little whisper asked: "Oh, mamma, isn't there a tow-path?"—"New York Times.

Little Mamie Rose Rose. "It doesn't take these little Russian children long to catch on to things in this country," remarked a teacher of the Educational Alliance. "When one explains a word to them they never forget it, and they are always ready with an illustration of its meaning too. I remember that some time ago I had explained to the class the meaning of the word 'ambiguity,' and then, as the custom is, I turned about and made them explain the word to me."

"Now, is there any one," I asked, "who can give me an illustration?" "A grimy little urchin at the back of the room stuck up his hand."

"Here's a ambiguity for ye," he cried. "Little Mamie Rose sat on a tack—little Mamie Rose. See?"

"Oh, no," concluded the teacher, "you don't have to explain a thing to the east side child twice."—New York Sun.

The Lady and Her Dog.

There are any number of men who would ask who you were talking to if you hinted that they were not absolutely masters in their own establishments, yet these very men are often the slaves of their dogs. By the way, unless you really want to make her your sworn foe, don't, whatever else you may say or do, speak disparagingly of a lady's dog, even if it is the most unlovely mongrel that ever wagged a tail.—Fry's Magazine.

What We Want Daily.

Protein to make blood and muscle, bone and brain, and corresponding quantities of fat, starch and sugar and the like to be consumed in the body to serve as a fuel to provide warmth and give strength for the body. The protein is found in lean meats, fish, eggs, cheese, gluten of flour and in beans and peas and the like.—London Answers.

British English.

Englishman—I say, ye know, what's the bookage to Boston? Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage? Englishman—The bookage, ye know—the tariff. What's the tariff? Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics. —New York Weekly.

The success of a movement depends much less upon the force of its argument or upon the ability of its advocates than the predisposition of society to receive it.—Lecky.

Life of Leisure.

There are still a few who are leisurely in their hours of freedom, but what about the old life of leisure? It used to be thought that such a life was innocent and admirable and that good fruit might come of it. But nowadays the man who does nothing but meditate and observe and write a little is a man condemned by the ordinary opinion of society.—London Reader.

Rebuked.

Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should see the man. Grandma (rather deaf)—I know that's what girls think nowadays, but in my time it was considered very unladylike.—Puck.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—Plutarch.

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OYSTER SEASON

NOW OPEN.

CHERRYSTONE OYSTERS ON HALF SHELL.

FAMILY ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

New Hotel Rammel. Rammel's Restaurant.

Bell Phone 169J

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A Wasp's Mistake.

It is generally supposed that instinct unerringly teaches birds and insects the best way in which to build their homes or nests and also to provide for their offspring. The following incident will show that instinct is not always infallible.

A naturalist placed three small empty vials in an open box on a shelf in an upright position in close contact, and they were uncorked. A short time afterward it was a matter of surprise to find that these had been appropriated by a female mud wasp. She had placed a goodly number of spiders in the center vial, doubtless intended to serve as food for her future brood, then proceeded to deposit her eggs in those on either side. She next closed tightly the mouths of all the receptacles with a hard lime cement. Having finished her work, she then doubtless went on her way, satisfied all had been done for her offspring that a thoughtful mother could do. But just think of the sensations of those little wasps when they came into existence, for, while starting in their sealed cages, they can plainly see through the impenetrable glass walls the bountiful supply of food which was provided for their use.

She Thought He Was Dead. Magnolia had been ill for some time, and, like a great many invalids, he was somewhat irritable, and when things failed to meet his approval the next unfortunate who came within range was pretty apt to be reminded of it in a way far more forcible than polite. He lingered in this condition for several weeks, daily growing weaker, but still holding his own sufficiently to make things lively and more or less interesting for those about him. Finally one day when the family doctor called he met the long suffering Mrs. Magnolia coming out of